

One Christmas Day of Pioneer Days.

Just at this holiday time, in this modern day of modern miracles, the following little story of a Christmas of long ago, written by Mary Livingston Birdick, of Madison, and published some years ago in the Young Churchman, is particularly interesting as it tells of a pioneer Christmas celebration right here in Rock County.

Miss Birdick's ancestor, a talented Madison woman who has written some wonderful little stories, similar to the one which is printed below, the tale may be true as her ancestors were among the early settlers of the Wisconsin territory and her father one of the pioneers of Madison and for many years its leading real estate owner. The story is as follows:

"Then Christmas will be just like any other day," I said to my little sister Janet. "Only, Charles and I will not go to school. That will be the only difference. And I'd rather go to school than to stay at home and think how different Christmas was in New York. Not even pigs, here, unless we make frozen crabapples!"

Mother looked at Janet very gravely. At least, she turned her head from the window on her knitting toward the place from which had come the sound of the sorrowful voice. To say that she "looked" would imply something far from the truth. For our mother was blind!

Her affliction had fallen upon her two years earlier; just six weeks after father and she with their large family had come as pioneers to Wisconsin, the territory then, and still young enough so that many people spelled its name more in accord with its Indian pronunciation.

To an active, energetic woman like mother, the loss of vision must have been a terrible calamity. But with the calm endurance of her Puritan ancestors she accepted the inevitable after the manner of a true pioneer. To her gentle gravity followed her path in life, so often said by her knitting. Scott's Lady of the Lake, and the Psalms.

"There is no poetry like that of the Bible," was her verdict. And as there was no poetry like the bibles so to mother there was no romance greater than that of Scott's. And loving romance she had deep sympathy with her children's longings and aspirations, even the simplest ones.

"Daughter, what do you wish most of all for Christmas? I mean, of course of the things possible. Remember that father has just paid for the new barn and for your sister's tuition in Janesville. So there is not money for careless spending. But Christmas should not be just like any other day. It can never be quite that, however hard one's circumstances."

"Well, I'd like a pink and white hood, and a good dinner with a fresh cake—and a trimmed church, with music and lights. I can remember the service in Utica. And the church looked as though the woods and the stars had walked in."

"Of like music more than anything," Charles added. "I don't mean such as they make at the Center with a wheezy melodeon, but real music—a wonderful voice, or a true organ."

"Mother, what do you want?" I asked. "To have all of my children here, well and happy. Louis and her husband and baby, Josephine and Julia from the academy, James and Henry from the saw-mill—just to be together! I could eat frozen crabs, even, with good will and gratitude."

"The first part of your wish—that is about Louis's family—you'll get, mother," I offered. "I saw a man from Fulton, at the blacksmith's, and he told me Louis's husband told him that they were intending to get here for Christmas if the snow held—and it will. And as for Janet's cake, I wonder why Aunt Frances has saved five eggs so carefully, if not for cake. And Charles and I can go home with our sleds. We'll take the bobsled and go down by the ford. Maybe the old hound will find a deer for us tomorrow. We have three days yet in which to rally our forces. And Aunt Frances is a general for cooking something out of next to nothing."

Father broke in on my promised monologue. "Letter from the girls, mother. The stage will leave this morning. So I'll drive down for them, and then go three miles west to the saw-mill for our sons. Julia has first prize for penmanship. Elias, take these two letters to your Aunt Frances. They belong to her."

Into the pantry I went, finding Aunt Frances measuring flour. A bowl of raisins and currants and a small piece of citron on the kitchen table.

"Mother!" said my aunt, without looking around. "One who'll pay toll as well as get it." "Was my reply as I chose a large ruin, the first I had taken for months and published the letters between the bib of her blue print apron and the gown it protected.

A flush of pleasure illuminated Aunt Frances' delicate countenance. He glanced at the envelope. "Why, it is from Cousin William Harris," she exclaimed, "and postmarked Milwaukee. He must be there, or at least have been there—this postmark is four days old."

Cousin William was mother's and Aunt Frances' first cousin and the rector of a church in Albany. His epistle disclosed the fact that he was spending his wife's mother in Milwaukee, and desired greatly that mother and Aunt Frances should spend a few days with him—a desire which was echoed cordially by his hostess in the other missive.

"It is very kind in each," mother said quietly, "but quite impossible for me to go."

"And Frances," asked father. Then turning to her, Frances, do you not wish to see William?"

"More than anything else, Adin, unless it may be to have a true service again. But I can not leave the farm and the family at present."

"The mountain and Mahomet," murmured father. "I have never thought of William as a Mahomet, but he may be. Well, let's have dinner. I'm going to the Center this afternoon, and shall not be back until toward evening tomorrow."

It was real evening when we saw him again. Then he fluttered a white paper before us.

"Against is coming," he said, "since the mountain could not go to him. Or, in other words, William S. Harris writes me that he will accept my invitation to spend his Christmas day, at three o'clock. Janet, see that the English children of the Albion settlement get notice tomorrow at school. Elias, you and Charles must place the sleds by the river, as you go to the ford to hunt. I left a note at the doctor's house to have him tell anyone he may meet."

Aunt Frances looked at father. "Against is coming," he said, "it is too much for you to have done!"

"My sister," he replied, "I remember that two years ago a young woman left a comfortable home, devoted parents, and the friends of a lifetime, to go into a wilderness to minister to the needs of a sightless sister and her family. Be certain that I had any opportunity to indicate my appreciation of her noble sacrifice. Now let us talk about the place for your Christmas. Shall it be the kitchen, or the new barn?"

The barn was decided upon, and with the decision arose a storm of plans and suggestions which crystallized on the following day into such systematic effort that, when Charles and I reached home in the afternoon with our fine young buck, we were proud of our pioneer church. To be sure the altar was improvised from mother's one mahogany table, and the candlesticks were whitened out of potatoes. But there was a beautiful white cloth—Louise's spinning—for the altar, and the bittersweet berries which Janet had gathered in the autumn gleamed handsomely from the greenery strung for whose making Henry's little tree had offered much.

The night before Christmas there was a heavy sleet which, falling upon the trees, frost and snow changed to hail and twigs to glittering tapers. "The World's Christmas-Card" we bought say today, but then it was just a holiday fairy-land to us young people, and the beauty to talk of to mother, and to hold always in memory as we first saw it under the rays of the morning sun.

Everything seemed to occur in correct order, and as had been wished, Janet's pink and white hood materialized—mother and Aunt Frances knew how!—And there were venison and a frosted cake, too.

Mother and all of her children together, and Charles and I, gathered in the kitchen. For Cousin William's exquisite tenor soared in the hymns and carols, so that the boys' very heart seemed to soar also, far, far beyond the roof, up toward the stars. So had thirty-five others, men and women, who, later, passing from that humble sanctuary (akin to one of olden Babylon's) forgot the howling of the distant wolves, and vanished, with renewed courage and solemn joy, into the glowing sunset of the holy day.

Col. last week on account of the serious illness of the former's daughter. She is reported better.

COOKSVILLE
Cooksville, Dec. 23.—H. Matsour, on the Charles Miller farm, lost three fine head of cattle last Sunday and five others are not expected to live. The sickness was caused by eating tobacco stalks.

Mrs. and Mrs. Clarence Dahl announce the birth of a son, at the Stoughton hospital last Sunday.

Orin Viney has sold his farm to Hans Myre, from near Richland Center. Mr. Viney will move to Stoughton in March.

Mrs. Catherine Miller has been ill, but is gaining. Dr. Heggleson of Evansville is attending at her home here.

The electric lights are running now and those who have them are quite pleased. Several warehouses are to be wired.

A community club met with Mrs. The last Thursday. A quantity of sewing was sent over from Evansville. Several took work home, as it had to be completed soon. No more meetings will be held until after the holidays.

T. J. Van Wormer had a birthday the 11th of this month. A granddaughter sent him a birthday cake with 80 candles on it and a one dollar bill laid in the center, marking his 81 years. A daughter sent him a cake, and his other children sent him a fine overcoat, cap, and gloves.

He had been living alone since his wife died in October, but is preparing to visit among his children through the holidays.

School has closed for a week's vacation. A short program and a Christmas tree was given Friday afternoon.

CAINVILLE CENTER
Cainville Center, Dec. 23.—Frank Egan is ill at his home.

The schools are closed for the two week holiday vacation.

Little Charlotte Drew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Drew, sustained a painful injury which made it necessary for her limb to be placed in a cast.

Rev. Crosby of Madison gave a temperance talk at the A. C. church Sunday morning.

Gertrude, Justin and Homer Casey are spending their vacation at home. The Christmas exercises Sunday evening at the A. C. church were well attended.

Mrs. Lottie Edwards and mother of Evansville are visiting at the T. M. Harper home.

The friends of Miss Vera Noonan will be glad to know she was able to be brought home from the Janesville hospital Sunday. She underwent an operation there for appendicitis recently.

Milton Junction

Milton Junction, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Ida Stockman and Emil Leubke were married in Janesville Saturday. After a short trip to Milwaukee they returned Monday to the Agnew farm, north of town, where they will make their home.

The Misses Dots and Lots Butts arrived here Saturday from Wakefield, Mich., to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Butts.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hudson of Miller, S. D., are here for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hudson.

Harry Hinkley of Milwaukee is spending a few days with his sister, Miss Ollie Hinkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray of Beloit spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Fulton.

Mrs. Frank Smith went to Lake Geneva, Monday, for a visit with Solon Smith and family.

Fred Chapman is in Stoughton caring for a pneumonia case.

Brodhead News
Brodhead, Dec. 23.—Mrs. Archie Ostrander was brought here from Jackson and on Friday was taken to the hospital at Janesville for an operation. Mrs. Ostrander has had the influenza and it has affected her face and head.

Mrs. A. S. Moore accompanied her son, Sherman, Friday on his homeward trip to Detroit, Mich., where she expects to spend the winter.

Miss Daisy Fleck spent Friday in Janesville.

Miss Dunwiddie returned to her home in Janesville Friday, after visiting Mrs. A. Barnes.

Edwin and Theodore Schenck were in Janesville Friday to see their grandmother, Mrs. M. Schenck, at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Epl Gilbert were passengers to Monroe Friday, where they are visiting the latter's parents, Sheriff and Mrs. C. F. Engelhardt.

F. A. Schrader was able to come down town Friday, the first time since his illness.

Herman Riese was a visitor in Monroe Friday.

After a week or more spent here, Miss Grace Engelhardt returned to her home in Monroe Friday.

A. V. Arnold and Charles Y. Olson were visitors in Monroe Friday.

Only morning services will be held Sunday at the various churches because of the ban on account of the influenza epidemic.

Miss Sylvia Olson spent Friday in Janesville.

Mrs. Charles Beattie and daughters, Janet and Grace, were passengers to Rockford Friday.

Miss Esther Preston was the guest of friends in Janesville Friday.

Miss Sarah Peppers, who has been attending school in Monroe, arrived home Friday for the holiday vacation.

Miss Marie Bernstein spent Friday in Janesville.

Miss Faye Brobst was a passenger to Beloit Friday.

Brodhead, Dec. 24.—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Lawton on Monday, Dec. 23, a son.

The Misses Marie and Ruby Meeley were visitors the past week at the home of their sister, Mrs. P. Reiley.

MAGNOLIA

Magnolia, Dec. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. Ben Pos and Mrs. Charles Ross were Janesville visitors Monday.

Mrs. C. L. Clarke and daughter, Mrs. Lottie Edwards, of Evansville, are visiting at the T. M. Harper home.

Steve Wells spent Monday with his wife in Janesville. Mrs. Wells has many friends here, who hope she will soon be able to return home.

Dr. Crosby of Madison spoke in the A. C. church Sunday morning in behalf of the Anti-Saloon league.

Use the classified ads if you have anything to sell; they will surely sell for you.

WALWORTH

Walworth, Dec. 23.—Lyle Longman of Racine and Lelia Longman of Woodstock spent Sunday with their parents, west of town.

Mrs. E. A. Peterson was called to Dundee, Ill., Sunday on account of the illness of Mrs. Lester Bond. She returned Sunday, leaving her sister improved.

Morris Maxson and Fred Rockhold, who work at the Military academy, are home for over Sunday.

James Bonham fell off the roof of his house Thursday and broke his right arm.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Curless and son left Saturday for the south to spend the winter.

Mrs. Margaret Leuth of Woodstock spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Blaine.

Mrs. Caroline Keeler has been staying with her son, Lewis Keeler, and family, for a week.

Clayton McGuire, who has been ill, is better.

Mrs. George Lappen and Mrs. Charles Morris of Linn visited Mrs. Mary Leedle Wednesday.

Miller Burr went to Beloit Sunday to visit his sister, Mrs. Stegda.

Stanley Davis left Saturday for Lake Mills, where he has a position. He was recently discharged from U. S. service.

Mrs. William Westphal spent part of last week in Zenda, caring for Mr. and Mrs. Will Behrens.

Mrs. Jennie Larkin left Saturday for Milwaukee to visit her son.

Mrs. J. M. Balan of Gilman, Wis., arrived here Saturday to meet her husband. They went south the first

of the week to spend their vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McIlwain came home Saturday to visit over Christmas.

Mrs. W. L. Seaver, Mrs. J. L. Bowyer and Miss Mamie Finley were Sharon shoppers Monday.

Mrs. M. Wawazinek is visiting in Rockford and Chicago.

Mrs. Edward Robar left Monday morning for Evanston to spend the Christmas week with her son, Lyle, and family. Mr. Robar will go in on Tuesday.

WANTED 1000 LBS. RAGS

Wiping Rags, the Gazette wants 1000 lbs. wiping rags at once; price 4c lb. For bargains galore see Classified page.

MADDEN & RAE

13 West Milwaukee Street.

Janesville, Wis.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Price Our Entire Stock of the Season's Newest Cloth Coats at 1/2 PRICE

50c On The Dollar

This is your opportunity now to buy your Winter Coat at the beginning of the cold Winter Season at just

ONE HALF-PRICE 1/2 Price



Wonderful New Discovery in House Heating

RADIANT HEAT ON TAP LIKE HOT WATER
YOU LIGHT THE GAS AND ARE WARM INSTANTLY

Results so astonishing you can hardly believe it. The Coal Problem Solved—CAN SAVE A TON OF COAL PER MONTH.

The HUMPHREY Radiantfire

WILL HEAT LARGEST LIVING ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE FOR 2 TO 3 CENTS per hour on City Gas or 1 Cent on Natural Gas. Saves your Coal Fire—Saves Lighting your Furnace for two months in Fall and Spring—and is in direct accord with the United States Fuel Administration for Conservation of Coal.

Absolutely Odorless

The Humphrey Radiantfire installed according to our direction is absolutely and positively odorless and so pronounced is this that where this statement is doubted, we are authorized by the manufacturers, the General Gas Light Company, Kalamazoo, Mich., to refund the purchase price if the slightest odor can be detected.

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The Janesville Gazette

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EVENING

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Janesville 50c \$5.00 \$10.00	
Rural routes in Mo. Yr. 6 Mo. 1 Yr.	
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THE YULE TIDE

While on Wednesday we celebrated the nativity of Christ, the birth of the Christian era, few stopped to realize that the celebrations indulged in have all been handed down to us from Pagan nations who knew not of Christ. The holly followed his teachings. The holly was used in the Scandinavian celebrations as far back as their sagas go. The mistletoe is a survival of the ancient Druids, priests of the old Celtic races of Gaul, Britain and Ireland, whose religion was made up by nature worship, symbolism and a belief in special clothes. These priests were looked up to by the people and they left the administration of justice to them as they did their matters of religion. They worshipped the Oak, and the mistletoe that grew on the oak represented man's dependence upon the ruler of the universe. Human sacrifices were made to their clothes as did other pagan people, yet we have adopted some of their rites in our Christmas celebrations.

The holly and mistletoe of Germany and Norway, in the early centuries after Christ, celebrated the Yule Tide as the coming of the new year. They had their big bonfires, which we have adopted in our lighted Christmas trees; they had feasting and winking and dining, as do our Christmas feasts. They declared a truce while they all celebrated, as we do today by declaring "Peace on Earth." They further still they gave gifts as we do today. Gifts of the subject to the chiefs and to the sub-chiefs, and in return all were feasted, and then when the holiday season was over they all resumed their active life of seeking for an existence, with sword or spear, the peace being ended.

We had even in China, the land of Confucius, symptoms of celebration leading to the Christmas front which we have taken what we needed to utilize. The Yule log comes from the days of "Merry England" when the bear's head graced the board and the Christmas goose was the chosen dish for Christmas. But back of that the Yule log came to England from the Scandinavian conquerors who crossed the seas in their boats, the Vikings, who landed the coast of Ireland and England, who have left their imprint upon the world of today. They called their celebrations the Yule Tide and we have adopted it.

The only real celebration is that of the church and the means of thanksgiving and blessings that come from the hymns and celebrations from the heart. At this season of the year it is best to be true to the spirit of the season, and in living up to this doctrine we observe all the pagan and Christian customs of the holiday period.

In fact historians point out to us that December 25th is not really the date of the nativity of Christ. Authorities of the various periods. Ifler says, somewhere in December B. C. 7; Pater and Faber, the 25th of December, B. C. 8; Baugel, the 25th of December, B. C. 9; Anger and Winer, in March of 4 B. C.; Scullien, in October of 3 B. C.; St. Jerome on December 25th of 3 B. C.; and Eusebius to the 4th of January, 2 B. C. Then others even make a later date.

In the Bible in his "Life of Christ" says that Jesus was born some fifteen years before the date assigned to Him and that He lived only six years of age. Research the Jew, but work places this date of His birth nearly a century sooner than A. D. and St. Luke, 2 chapter, 1 to 17 verses, says it was A. D. 10. Despite all this it is now observed December 25th. The early Christians held it sometime in May, some in April and some even in June. We are told that it has been possible for Christ to have been born and the Shepherds receive their message in December, for that is the month of rains, and they would not have been with their flocks in the fields, but in the fold.

However, it is most likely that the modern celebration is taken directly from the old Yule feast of the pagans and the Roman festivals held during the winter solstice. The festival of the nativity was introduced in Antioch in 375. It was celebrated in England until the Puritan parliament was abolished, and made the decoration of churches or homes an act of rebellion. When their power broke it was resumed.

This today we give praise to God for giving us His son to die upon the cross and give gifts as did the Wise Men of the East who brought presents to the infant Jesus lying in his swaddling clothes in the lowly manger at Bethlehem, following the wonderful Star of Bethlehem that has led so many to the right life during the long centuries closing over us.

LEST WE FORGET.
In railway coaches and in public places are to be seen large posters calling upon the people to conserve food. A dangerous feeling grows that they are now somewhat out of date, like other war measures. Yet the food commission is constantly re-issuing these calls, and assembling still in Europe organizing the channels of distribution. The work has only commenced, says an Eastern exchange.

"Restrictive measures have been lifted; there is no longer an appeal to patriotism; but the call of humanity should be still louder in our ears. The call perhaps makes less impression upon us because expressed in terms, an unfamiliar method of expressing foodstuffs with us. But it is really reduced to something more readily understood. We know the regulations of last year, and the appeals for patriotic reasons, to save food, and without best efforts we have met the emergency by sweeping our grain reserve down to a negligible quantity."

"The total exports of foods and feedstuffs in that year amounted to less than 11,000,000 tons. As we are

now called upon to supply 20,000,000 tons, we can understand that there is need of at least twice as much as before. In addition, we have to supply our own army and navy. The task at once looms up as something worthy of America's best efforts. We have a larger wheat production, but much more will be consumed because the substitutes are not now required. But with the possibility of wheat from the southern hemisphere, the bread supply is safe, with reasonable care on our part.

"The most serious part of the task is in supplying motor fuel, including dairy products. The livestock of Europe has suffered severely by the war, and there is also a great shortage of feeds. Rumania and the Balkans, which supplied so much of the corn used by European cattle, were made deserts by Kultur. Our final crop estimates show so much corn ground abandoned on account of last summer's drought, that there must be a sharp reduction in the preliminary figures of production.

"As the final figures of production are studied, it must become more apparent that our corn crop, which in the last analysis is meat and fats, is not sufficient for the strain. There must be the greatest care on the part of the people in the use of meats and fats if we are to meet the emergency. There seems to be a better way to remind them of it in the name of Christian civilization."

Janesville has put over the Red Cross drive in a manner that is most gratifying to all concerned. The response made to the appeal has been most wonderful and demonstrates that the necessity for continuing the work even though the holidays have ended officially, is recognized as part of the tribute of the United States to the suffering countries of Europe.

Mrs. Vincent Astor tells how the American women in France worked all day to serve the soldier boys and then danced with them half the night to help amuse them. Perhaps they will understand how the average tired business man feels when his wife drags him out to a dance after a hard day's work.

This laughing at the first attempts of the air mail service because there are a few mistakes made, is simply history repeating itself, when the steam took the place of the pony express and the latter often proved more reliable.

Australia has placed a practical ban on all goods made in Germany by demanding that all manufactured articles imported must have the name of the country where they are made stamped upon them.

With Russia's industries crippled for years to come Lenin plans to place a heavy protective tariff on all imports. Perhaps he is making a bid for the G. O. P. support.

That three million Bolshevik army has dwindled down from three million to just a mere hundred and fifty thousand, and perhaps it is even less than that.

Roosters recently advanced one cent on the Chicago poultry market. Hens remain firm and steady. So much for the feminist movement in the chicken family.

Perhaps Old Bill Hohenzollern wants to take root in Holland disguised as a Black Tulip.

ON THE SPUR of the MOMENT

ROY K. MOULTON

THE WIST-WATCH ON THE RHINE

Oh, Waterbury, Ingersoll—And Waltham, Elgin—Yankees all—They are the watches on the Rhine. In one stem-winding line, O Yankee, no danger thing, Firm stand the sons to guard the Rhine.

Never a minute late, But running like, Marking a tyrant's fate, That wrist-watch on the Rhine.

"Gives Tongues Inside," is a sign noted on a meat market window, which leads G. L. M. to remark that inside is where all tongues should be.

WHERE IS THAT EFFICIENCY?
"Wilhelm Tries Suicide," says a headline. It at first you don't succeed try, try again.

Glen Buck says the Kaiser isn't going to overlasting bliss, but to everlasting blither.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE AUDIENCE?
A Mexican by the name of Hernandez, aged 22 years, died in the little hospital house down by the depot. The man never had a doctor so nobody knows what killed him.—San Miguel (Cal.) Examiner.

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RECREATIONAL CENTER FOR WOMEN IS NEED WHICH JANESVILLE MUST CONSIDER

City Would Benefit by Having A Place Where Hundreds of Girls Employed in Industries Could Improve Their Social Condition.

(By Harry V. Ross.)

It is natural, in considering the changes a city must undergo when it begins to expand, to think only of the business side of the development; to reckon the gain only in dollars and cents. The human side of the secondary consideration. This condition is not the result of selfishness, exactly, but rather because most men are kept to promote those things which will make them stand out as prominent figures in the commercial world.

There is going to be a human element in the development of this city which must be seriously considered. It is the provision for the welfare of the young women employed in the city who have no home ties, no home ties.

We have in Janesville at the present time, according to estimate, 1,700 young women who are employed in industrial plants. That number does not include those in domestic service or offices and stores. Most of them are living in rooming houses and have to devise their own amusement after their day's work is finished. They have little opportunity to indulge in the pleasures that a girl living at home has at her command. There is no one to whom they can go for advice if they feel they need it. Sometimes the amusement they devise for themselves is not beneficial to them.

It has been suggested by the City Federation of Women that a secretary be employed to look after the welfare of the young women who come to the city to earn a living. It is proposed that a trained woman be hired who will interest these girls in clean recreation. The suggestion has been made that a Y. W. C. A. be organized so that the work can be conducted from a central location and under proper supervision.

While, of course, there is no objection to the Y. W. C. A., which has done wonderful work in almost every city of prominence in the United States, it would seem that the scope of the work could be broadened. It has been suggested that a community center be established which young women of all creeds would feel free to recognize as their recreational home. It is perhaps possible to provide a building in which the present women's rest room could be situated and where a gymnasium, swimming pool, reading room and even a dormitory could be made attractions for the workers.

The women of this country have shown their patriotism and loyalty in coming to the front when the men were sent to war. They have done their jobs well and should be recognized. Instead of devoting all our energies to the men and boys, why not see what can be done for the women?

There are a number of young girls who have gone wrong simply because they never have been in the right environment. Their home life has not been conducive to encouragement of right living. They were not bad at heart, but they have never had anyone to show them the happiness of right living.

The city would reap great benefit from the establishment of a community center with a secretary or matron to look after the interests of those who would not only use it as a recreational home, but those who have gotten the wrong start and need motherly care until they are again back on their feet.

A fund of \$1,200 has been raised for two beds in an officers' convalescent hospital in France, but since the war is over this money is not needed for that purpose. A canvass is going to be made to ascertain what the contributors wish to do with the funds. It has been suggested by the City Federation of Women that the money be used as a nucleus for a greater community donation for the establishment of a community center.

Many of those who are in favor of a center which would provide for the care of employed women think that funds should be solicited. It is pointed out that Janesville as a community can afford to spend ten times \$1,200 for a community center for women.

Other cities which have invested in a plan for better conditions for their women have found it has paid. It would seem that Janesville should get behind a constructive plan that would eventually place it in the front ranks of progress along this line.

If Mrs. Henry Allan had known beforehand how unfit to live in is the Governor's mansion at Topeka, Mr. Allen would not have run for governor. Fort Scott (Kan.) Tribune.

Just to keep the record straight, we would announce that Mr. Bud Wad is a resident of Piedmont, Kansas. A worthy contemporary of that other immortal, Mr. Jet Wimp.

AGE WILL HAVE ITS FLING.
"When she arrives at the age of 212, she is to receive outright \$225,000, Louisville Post.
"At Detention Home No. 8 there is a pretty girl scarcely more than 181 who is the victim of amnesia."—Chicago Herald-Examiner.

New York will add a corps of aviators to its police force. "Fly cops," chorlotes Juliana.
Judging by some of the poetry, the magazines published in doing their Christmas shopping early.
Of all the home ties, the least popular are the ones father gets for Christmas.

Hartford (Conn.) woman has had four husbands, all graduates of Yale. If that quartet could get together how it could sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Clean out the attic by getting rid of odds and ends stored there. A little classified ad will do the trick.

Stop The "Flu"
A box of Smith's Cold Tablets in the house will be one of the best precautions you can take.
When you feel a cold coming on, are feverish, have headache, muscles and bones ache, take a few of these tablets immediately. In a printed directions on the box and you will fortify the system against the encroachments of the dread disease.
Price per box, 25c. Sold for years under our name and guarantee.

"M. D. S." VETERAN TO SPEAK THIS EVENING

The address on war experiences to be given at the K. of C. rooms this evening by Sergt. F. L. Young, military dispatch service, who has just returned from seventeen months' duty in France, is looked forward to by many people and no doubt there will be a large attendance to greet him tonight. Sergt. Young is the proud possessor of two gold stripes for service and of three citations for bravery in action. He is scheduled to commence his talk shortly after eight o'clock.

For bargains galore see Classified page.

We Believe

that SERVICE is a business builder. We believe in America and its future. We believe that America must stand by the stricken nations of the World as their big brother. Food and clothing must come largely from America.

We believe that First Mortgages on the great food producing farms of the Middle West are patriotic and safe investments. Our service to investors is based on such securities, which we have in amounts from \$100 and upwards and maturing in from 3 to 7 years.

We Believe in Service

Gold-Stabeck Co.
C. J. Smith, Mgr.
15 W. Milw. St., Janesville, Wis.

Watch Repairing

If your watch needs attention let me put it in good order again.
GEO. E. FATZINGER
Jeweler
207 W. Milw. St. A big stock of jewelry.

Winter Wearables For Men and Boys

Get warm clothing here—Ours are all guaranteed for serviceability and satisfaction. Prices are as low as is consistent with good quality.

R.M. Bostwick & Son
Main Street at Number Sixteen South. Merchants of Fine Clothes.

J. H. SCHOLLER OPTOMETRIST

We aim to give 24-hour service in Lens Grinding and all Spectacle and Eye Glass repairing.
New Location—207 W. Milwaukee St.
Bell Phone, 315. R. C. Phone, 503 Blue.

Merchant's & Savings Bank

ACCUMULATING BANKING CLUB

In 5 years

\$1 club pays	\$125
\$2 club pays	\$250
\$5 club pays	\$1250
\$10 club pays	\$2500
\$20 club pays	\$5000

Come In: Ask about it. 5%.

OUR "ACCUMULATING" BANKING CLUB IS A VERY EASY ROAD TO CERTAIN FORTUNE.

YOU PUT IN OUR BANK 50C. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00 OR MORE EACH WEEK FOR 50 WEEKS OF EACH YEAR. IN FIVE YEARS YOU HAVE ACCUMULATED \$125.00, \$250.00, \$500.00, \$1,250.00, \$2,500.00, \$5,000.00 OR MORE.

HAVE YOU EVER SAID: "IF I ONLY HAD MONEY NOW."

MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO BANK A CERTAIN SUM OF MONEY REGULARLY.

NO COST TO JOIN.

COME IN, LET US EXPLAIN THE PLAN.

YOU CAN JOIN NOW—JOIN.

Save the Cost of a New Battery Next Spring. Do Not Let It Freeze Up.

Neglect and improper care of a battery during the winter may mean its ruin, especially if it has had a hard summer's use.

Why take the chance of a frozen battery, "buckled plates," cracked cells or other battery troubles that come from neglect and improper care, when our winter storage plan means having your battery in prime condition in the spring.

The charge is nominal and it may save you the cost of a new battery.

Drive around or 'phone us and let us explain this service.

Expert Battery Inspection and Square Deal Repair Service on any battery of any make.

O. J. GLEASON
206-212 EAST MILWAUKEE ST.
SECOND FLOOR

REHBERG'S

This Cold Snap More Than Ever Emphasizes The Importance of Our Great Fire Sale

You Can Buy Heavy, Winter Merchandise Here at 30% to 60% Less Than Regular Prices.

Just What You Need To Keep You Warm

Rubbers, Overshoes, Heavy Hose, Gloves, Mittens, Caps, Overcoats, Winter Weight Suits, Shoes, Warm Underwear, Etc.

Now is the Time to Buy and Here is the Place--- We'll Save You Considerable Money.

Don't Forget The Bargain Basement

The Sale Goes on Daily There are Great Bargains Here. Come and Get Yours.

REHBERG'S

HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON

LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED TO MRS. THOMPSON, IN CARE OF THE GAZETTE

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young married woman of twenty-five. I am the mother of three children, one boy and two girls. The boy will soon be seven years old and stays with his grandparents. The girl is five and stays with her father's sister. The youngest one of four years with me. Their father is in France, but before he left I had no place to keep the baby, and as parties in another town wanted to adopt her, we both agreed upon and she was adopted.

Later I was married again. As the gentleman died by whom my baby had been adopted, and as the lady had to work for a living, she wrote and asked me if I wanted her back. Of course I did, and so my second husband and I adopted her back.

Now that the war is over, the baby's own father has written that he will soon be home and says he wants to see his baby. My second husband says that if the first husband comes he will give me. I know he will, and I know a first husband will not see his baby, the other goes I will have to let the first see his child, for I know a paternal love, but I will tell him he must never come again. But at that he probably will.

I love my second husband very dearly. I do not care for the first, nor will I be bothered with him even though the second leaves me. What shall I do? I am worried.

BROWN EYES.

My sympathy is with your second husband. The first, apparently, did not have enough paternal love to keep his family together, and now he has no right to step in and impair your happiness with your second husband. He can see two of his children and should content himself with that. Not all men would be willing that you should have the child of a former marriage when such a thing could be avoided. Show your appreciation and tell your first husband that under the circumstances he cannot see her baby. He would probably be happy, however, to let our second husband communicate with him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: What is a suitable Christmas present for a boy friend who is not in the army? CHRISTINE.

A girl really should not give a boy a Christmas present unless she is en-

gaged to him. In case she decides to anyway, it should be something of value, such as a book or fine linen hankie.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am sixteen and a junior in high school. I have never gone with anyone because my parents object. There is a boy who generally has a girl with him at parties and entertainments. He will bring her, but then he pays no more attention to her until it is time to go home, but is always around where I am.

This often makes his girl very angry. What shall I do? SWEET SIXTEEN.

A boy who is so thoughtless of the girl he takes to a party does not deserve to be talked to by other girls. You can safely avoid him. Do nothing to make conversation, and if he stays with you anyway excuse yourself and go somewhere else.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have been going with a young man a good while. One night there was an entertainment at one of his friends' house and I went. I was talking with one of my boy friends when he came. He said he was jealous and never speaks. He is now engaged to be married and is going to give a party to announce it. Would it be all right for me to go as I am invited?

Yes, it is proper to take a present. It is customary to give the present to the lady.

(2) A Christmas present should not only be of the right spirit, but it is also the right spirit, love is the motive of the gift. Presents should not be given in a spirit of obligation.

(3) No, they should pay their own way.

SIDE TALKS

—BY—
RUTH CAMERON

LAST year on the day after Christmas when the inevitable reaction had set in in full force (I think this season comes into the second day, the first is still made visit by the after glow of the Wonderful Day), I sat me down in an arm chair by an open fire and took stock.

Usually I do not have a chance to take such stock because I am too busy doing all the imperative things that have been put off until "after Christmas." And I had no less of them to do than usual, but I had the most excellent reason for not doing them. A whacking after-Christmas cold (did you ever notice as you went through the shops after Christmas how many sneezes and sniffs you heard—nothing in the world but the crop of colds that is inevitably produced by a sojourn of overwork and overstrain) had laid me by the heels.

And so, being reduced to a season of enforced leisure, I sat me down by an open fire and, as I said before, took stock. Not, I trust, I need not explain of my Christmas gifts, but of my Christmas as a whole. And having finished that stock taking, I took up my pencil and wrote down some notes. I called them "My Wishes and Wishes for Next Christmas."

I will not try to do too much. First, I will not plan to do too much. Too much has spoiled too many Christmasmas for me. It shall not spoil another. I will not in my Christmas preparations.

Edith talked.

"But who's that?" queried Ned. "That's Edith, the dressmaker who comes by the day. She's dining with us. Want to meet her, Bud?"

"Yes," said Ned quietly. Ordinarily I would have said, "Edith, on behalf of I do." And as Edith performed the rites of introduction she saw that two faces light up in a way that made her leap.

(To be continued.)

Household Hints

Steamed Dates. Oatmeal. French Toast. Coffee. Luncheon. Split Pea Soup. Graham Muffins. Cabbage, Celery and Pimiento Salad. Baked Apples. Home-made Ginger Snaps.

Noodle Soup. Toasted Bread Sticks. Soup Meat with Browned Gravy in Ring of Mashed Potatoes. Grape and Lettuce Salad. French Dressing. Baked Indian Pudding. Uccede. Karam Pudding. Thirt-f.

HOLIDAY SWEETS.

College Pudding—Two cups white sugar, one-half cup milk, one-half cup butter (which may be omitted), two squares baker's chocolate grated, and one teaspoon vanilla.

Boil the sugar, milk and butter fast for ten minutes. Add the chocolate. Cook until two or three minutes longer. Try by dropping a little in cold water, and if moderately hard take from fire, add the vanilla and beat until the mixture is smooth. Turn out in squares before it gets too cold.

Paenach—One pound brown sugar, water enough to cook until it hardens in water. Take from fire and set into cold water until blood heat; add broken nut meats and beat until creamy. Turn into buttered pans, cut in squares.

Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy—Two cups molasses or syrup, one cup granulated sugar, and one tablespoon butter. Cook until it will harden in water. Remove from fire, add a pinch of baking powder, flavor with vanilla, pour into buttered plate.

Peanut Candy—One cup brown sugar, four tablespoons butter, three-quarters pound shelled peanuts. Boil sugar, syrup and water till it is crisp when dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and add the butter and the nuts. Pour into a well-buttered tin.

Butter Candy—Two cups sugar, one cup corn syrup, and one tablespoon butter. Boil until it will harden in water. Remove from fire and add the butter and the nuts. Pour into a well-buttered tin.

Boil all except the butter, which should be added when nearly done, until brittle in cold water. Pour into buttered tins.

TRIED RECIPES.

Split Pea Soup—This is a very nutritious and good soup—One cup dried split peas, two and one-half quarts cold water, one pint milk, one-half onion, two tablespoons vegetable fat, two tablespoons flour, one tablespoon salt, two-inch cube fat and one-half teaspoon pepper. Soak peas overnight. Drain and add to soup. Simmer three hours till soft. Strain through a sieve; add fat and flour cooked together, salt and pepper. Dilute with milk adding more if necessary.

Graham Muffins—(No eggs or sugar)—One and one-fourth cups graham flour, one and one-quarter cups sour milk, one-third cup molasses, one-third cup sugar, one-half cup baking powder, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons melted fat. Mix and sift soda to salt and baking powder; add fat, milk and add with molasses; add fat. Bake in moderate oven.

Fried Oysters—Put oysters in a colander to drain. With fingers place each one on a dry soft towel to absorb the moisture. Season with salt and pepper.

Beat one egg, add one tablespoon cold water. Dip each oyster in egg, then in stale bread or cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper. Serve on toast. Pass lemon with the oysters.

If the thing had been a play and Edith the stage manager, it could not have happened with better effect. The day's sewing had been put away and Ruth had suddenly sat down to the piano and awakened the keys in a succession of ringing fragments—unstudied in things, part improvisation, part classic. Edith didn't know she played, but somehow it seemed quite natural that she should. At this moment Ned came running into the house from the shops of the heater company, where he had been a day.

He paused abruptly at seeing a stranger, as if deciding whether it would be an awful bore to have to talk to a girl. It was Edith's last that made him stay. She greeted Ned, but did not present him to Ruth, who went on playing softly while Ned and Edith talked.

"Obedient." "She—I wish you would pay a little attention to what I say!" "He—I do, dear—as little as possible."

"What?" "Everybody doesn't." "laughed Ruth. "If you do, it's simply because you and I are sympathetic. You bring out likeable qualities in me. Lots of folks don't. Some people think me a most dreary individual. And I am—with them. I don't care for them. I've been to houses where I surprise my own self with my niceness and cleverness," went on Ruth, her big eyes flashing merrily. "And at others I have seemed to be dumped into the most wretched state of restraint imaginable. Nobody would have believed I had human intelligence. I actually suffered with shyness and inhibition. They simply aren't my kind of people, that's all, and I wasn't their kind." "You're my kind, though," she finished, waving good night to Edith as she took up her work satel and went out. "I'll see you tomorrow," she added through a crack in the door.

Edith watched her as she went down the road in the golden light of the setting sun—a trim, slim little figure.

"Obedient." "She—I wish you would pay a little attention to what I say!" "He—I do, dear—as little as possible."

Jiffy-Jell With Salad Flavor. Jiffy-Jell desserts come in many fruit flavors. But Lime Jiffy-Jell—flavored with lime fruit—makes the best salad jelly. It is tart and green. The flavor comes in liquid form, sealed in a vial. Serve with your salad. Or mix in vegetables, cooked or uncooked, before Jiffy-Jell is added. Let it stand overnight. Or mix in meat scraps and make a meat loaf. Try Loganberry Jiffy-Jell for a dessert, and Lime for a salad jelly. One package serves six. These quick, economical delicacies serve a big need today. 2 Packages for 25 Cents At Your Grocer's. Jiffy-Jell—Waukegan, Wisconsin

Tales of the Friendly Forest

"How do you do, Billy Bunny?" said the little Field Mouse, who you remember in the last story wanted to rent a beautiful clover patch.

"I'm very well," replied the little rabbit. "How much do you want for your clover patch?"

"I want one hundred carrot cents a month," said the Field Mouse. But when Billy Bunny opened his knapsack he could only find eighty-seven and a half cents.

"Oh, dear me," he said, "I must call up Dear Mr. Redbreast and ask him to lend me the missing thirty-two and a half cents."

So he called up Mr. Redbreast and asked him to lend him the missing thirty-two and a half cents.

Well, pretty soon, not so very long, Uncle Lucy arrived, and it didn't take long to pay the carrot money. Let me tell you, and then the old gentleman rabbit and Billy Bunny hopped into the Lucky-Mobile, and rode off to look over the clover patch.

But they had only gone a little ways when the Yellow Dog Tramp, who you remember some three stories and a half ago had gone back to Vermont to see his dear old mother, ran out from a little dog house by the road and said: "Oh, please stop a moment and let me have a ride. And then he sat up on his hindlegs and began to sing:

"I'm a brave guy— BUT IT'S HARD TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO SUFFER THE SHOCK OF GETTING INTO A COLD BED—"

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DON'T STARVE THE KIDDIES

The growing bodies of children need food that builds muscle, bone and brain and is easily digested. Don't allow your food-saving zeal to deprive the kiddies of needed nourishment. When you give them wheat food be sure it is the whole wheat

Shredded Wheat

is the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve and requires no sugar. Serve it with hot milk and a dash of salt.

Protect Yourself!

The Old Reliable Round Package

Ask for and GET

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL

Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly 1/2 century

Made under sanitary conditions from clean milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.

Infants and Children thrive on it. Agree with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.

Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's The Original

Thus Avoiding Imitations

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

Invented at Racine, U.S.A.

WITH THE WOMEN OF TODAY

BY EDITH MORIARTY

Not all of the women's war jobs will vanish into oblivion with the armistice. And many of these jobs which will continue will have no men to return and fill the places because men never left them. In other words there are many kinds of work which women are doing today which was not done at all before the war. In such work there will be no question of "taking back the men" and it will be their efforts if they are now taking a soldier's place.

According to Mrs. Herbert Sumner Owen, chairman of the women's radio corps, radio work will be one of the most attractive occupations for women during peace times. Among those who made good in this work during the war were more than a dozen girls who had never taken up a serious responsibility before.

This woman's radio corps is one of the unique products of the war. It is an organization with but twenty-one members and with branches in New York, Boston and Washington. An instruction class was begun at the time the United States entered the war. The first work assigned the women was that of teaching the drafted men the radio buzzer. They then entered upon their present duties, which the inspection of radio equipment in the three cities where there is

a branch. There are six women stationed in each city. Their uniforms are among the smartest and are fashioned after the uniforms of the British flying corps.

Many girls prominent in diplomatic circles entered the class and qualified as instructors. Miss Belle Baruch, daughter of Bernard Baruch, was one of them.

Mrs. Owen, who is very enthusiastic about her work, believes that the excellent character of it will appeal to many women who like that sort of thing and who heretofore have had no chance to work along those lines.

Forty-six women draftswomen are now employed by the Pennsylvania railroad.

There is money in risk—being the old dresses and other worn goods to the Gazette and get 40 lb.

Never. We've noticed one thing. Spontaneous combustion never starts a fire in the kitchen stove.—Browning's Magazine.

For bargains galore see Classified page.

MAKE MONEY NOW

There is money in risk—being the old dresses and other worn goods to the Gazette and get 40 lb.

Never. We've noticed one thing. Spontaneous combustion never starts a fire in the kitchen stove.—Browning's Magazine.

For bargains galore see Classified page.

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

LETTERS MAY BE ADDRESSED TO DR. BRADY, IN CARE OF THE GAZETTE

THE MAN THAT METABOLIZED 7,000 CALORIES

The U. S. army ration gives a man about 5,000 calories a day, and a soldier who eats his ration gets about 5,000 calories. The U. S. army ration amounts to about 5,500 calories, owing, I suppose, to the additional energy a soldier expends for his trappings. The average woman housewife who maintains normal weight on a diet which gives her about 2,700 or 3,000 calories. A school girl of ten requires about the same diet as a man doing light indoor work. A lumberjack at work in the winter requires about 6,000 calories.

But I have found a man who metabolizes not less than 7,000 calories a day. This man not only ate the 7,000 calories every day, but metabolized them. He burned them up in his body.

He, Joseph, a building contractor, was nearly forty, and at twenty-two he had much trouble from bulimic and called it "gastritis," which is a sore throat which frequently discharges a watery mucus. He was not fat, but he was not thin either. He was a man of about 150 pounds, and he was a man of about 150 pounds.

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THE BIG STORE

J.M. BOSTWICK & SONS

18-28 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Janesville, Wis.

WE KEEP THE QUALITY UP

CHRISTMAS is over, and we take this occasion to extend to our patrons our thanks for their Christmas patronage. We have had a busy and successful season and we naturally feel grateful to the friends who have made our progress possible. We venture to hope that the friendly relationship which is established through the coming year, and promise that we will do all within our power to serve you promptly, efficiently and with entire satisfaction.

"We Keep the Quality Up."

Bostwick Since 1856.

The Thirteenth Commandment

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

Reben greeted her with suavity and his eyes were even more enthusiastic than his words. Daphne was at her superlative degree and anxiety gave her a wildness that was appealing to Reben. Women's charms and wistfulness made up a large part of his wares in trade.

"Have you had any experience?"

"None."

"Studied elocution?"

"Never. I never spoke a piece in my life."

"Good! Amateur theatricals?"

"Never. I never seemed to care for them."

"Better yet! What makes you think you want to act now?"

"Money. I want to earn money—get rich."

"I see," said Reben, and fell into a profound meditation, studying Daphne searchingly.

Daphne seized the opportunity to rise and say: "Well, I'll leave you two together to talk terms. It would be indelicate for me to know just how rich Miss Kip is going to be."

He had no sooner gone than Reben's manner changed slightly and Daphne's courage vanished. Reben paced the floor as he talked. His path kept slowly closing in around her like the walls in Poe's story.

"You look like Miss Kemble," he said. "You have somewhat the same temperament. You like her style of play, but may be your line. I can't tell. Of course I don't know how well you can act. Perhaps you never could. Kemble is great, but she comes of an old theatrical family. Of course you have one great capital—your beauty; for you are very beautiful, Miss Kip, very. Let me see your eyes!"

He had a right to ask if he were going to hire her eyes, but she looked up bravely, for the burly hand was leaning over her. His left hand was on the arm of the chair, his right on the back of it. His left hand was gradually enveloping hers. It was a fat, hot hand, and his face was so close that it was blurred in her vision.

Then she remembered Duane's words. She controlled herself enough to put them to the test.

She pretended to look coldly into Reben's face, and she said, with a brave show of calm: "Mr. Reben, I didn't come here to flirt with you and I don't intend to. I came here for a job as an actress. If this sort of thing is a necessary part of the job I'll go somewhere else."

Reben backed away and stared at her. He was rendered foolish by her rebuff and he stammered, "Why, I— I meant no harm."

She went on with the Duane system of treatment: "I know you didn't. You meant to be polite, but you don't have to be so polite to me. I don't expect it and I don't like it."

"All right, all right!" Reben growled, pacing the floor again, but in a constantly receding path. He did not speak. He felt that he had made a fool of himself, and he was embarrassed.

He pressed a button on his desk once, then twice. The office boy appeared, followed by the stenographer. Reben said to the boy: "Is Mr. Batterson here? Send him to me." To the stenographer he said: "Fill out a contract for Miss Kip—Miss—What's the first name? Miss Daphne Kip. Salary, twenty-five. Make it a three-year contract."

Reben motioned her absently to her chair and said, rather to Duane's sake than for hers, she felt: "Sit down, won't you, till the contracts come and pardon me if I—"

He finished the phrase by the door. The office routine went on and Daphne might have been the chair she sat in, for all the attention he paid her. She felt rather unaccountably ignored. Still, she had asked to be treated on a business basis. He was taking her at her word.

Before the contracts were ready Mr. Batterson appeared. He was one of Reben's stage managers, a worried, emotional little man, worn to shreds with his task of stimulating and correcting the emotions by which others earned their wages and fame.

Reben introduced him to Daphne and explained her new office. Batterson seemed none too well pleased with the news that Daphne was ignorant of stage work to the last degree. He had found it hard enough to make the experienced actors read their lines as they must be read and keep on reading them so. To teach this dramatic infant how to walk and talk was an unenviable labor.

He took Daphne into his office and pulled out a set of parts. When she stumbled over them he cast his eyes heavenward in his swift impatience. He explained them with a vinegary gentleness. He talked to her of the

PETEY DINK—DON'T WORRY, MRS. DINK, YOU CAN GIVE IT BACK NEXT YEAR.



Daphne was so frightened with her success that she got to her feet, saying: "I suppose this means that you don't want me to work for you. It's true, then, what they say about the stage."

"Nonsense! Of course not! Rot! I never see most of my people except at rehearsals or performances. I've never spoken to three-quarters of 'em. If you want a job you can have it, and no concessions are necessary. You don't have to make love to me. You make love to the audience, and if you can capture that you can slap my face every time you see me."

Daphne was astounded. She was engaged! She was exultant and thrilled with gratitude to Duane for introducing her to this marvelous opportunity and for the wisdom of his counsel.

Reben said: "The general understudy of the Kemble company has grown tired of waiting for a chance to appear in public. She's quitting me this week for a small part in a road company. You can have her place if you want it. Do you?"

"You bet—indeed I do. How often does an understudy play?"

"As rarely as possible."

Daphne's joy turned to lead.

Reben added: "But we don't pay by performance. I'll pay you twenty-five a week. You wanted money. There's a little of it for a start. Do you want it?"

"Will it lead to anything better?"

"It might."

"Am I to understudy Miss Kemble?"

"Yes, and all the other women roles."

"And when do you suppose I'll get a chance to play Miss Kemble's part?"

"Soon."

"Never. I hope."

"That's encouraging!"

"If Miss Kemble fell ill we'd ordinarily refund the money, because she's the star. But sometimes we might have to give a performance at short notice. Chances in the other parts might come any day."

"And you'll give me a better chance when you can?"

"Indeed I will. If you have the gift, the sooner I find it out and the harder I work it the more money I make. The more you earn the more I make. I'd like to pay you ten thousand a week."

"I'd like to have you. All right, I'll try."

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canons of interpretation. He walked through her scenes and spoke her lines for her again and again and yet again. But somehow he could not teach her. He tried everything but beating her. He flattered her, wheedled her, parodied, satirized, rebuked her, and occasionally he cursed her. She did not rebel even against his profanity, because she had no confidence in herself to support her resistance. She felt that she was far worse than he said she was when he said she was worst. She used all her funds of resolution in keeping from throwing down the part and running away in tears. She had none left for asserting her right to politeness.

Once Daphne was out in the street again and released from the ordeal of pleasing Batterson, youth and ambition brought hope back again. Broadway at twilight was athrob with enthusiasm and she caught zest from the crowds. She was going home to study, carrying her little set of textbooks like a schoolgirl. But she felt the wings of conquest fledgling at her ankles or the wheel of fortune spinning under her toes.

Her very first effort had succeeded. She was a woman with a salary. She would be no longer a parasite on any man. She had a career and a business as well as the best of them.

Her mother was at home alone. Lella had gone from that tea party to another to which Mrs. Kip was not invited. Daphne's mother greeted her with relief. She told her news with a gush of enthusiasm. It left Mrs. Kip cold, very cold.

She was a pious, church-going woman, Mrs. Kip. She had always looked upon the theater as a training school for the still lower regions. She went to plays occasionally, but usually with a feeling of dissipation and worldliness. Besides it was one thing to see plays and another to act them.

Daphne tried to reason her mother out of her backwoods prejudices, but she only frightened her more. Mrs. Kip retired to her room to write an urgent telegram to her husband demanding that he come on at once and rescue his child. She always called on him in an emergency and he always responded.

Lella came home eventually full of gossip and triumph. Her Dittie gown had made a tremendous success; the other women wanted to murder her. Mrs. Kip broke in on her chronicles with the dismal announcement of Daphne's new insanity. Lella was almost as bitter in opposition as Mrs. Kip had been, but from quite another motive. Lella had aristocratic impulses and looked forward to social splendors. She would gain no help from the fact that her husband's sister was a theatrical struggle.

Daphne escaped an odious battle with her by referring to the need of close study, and retreated into her own room, locking her mother out.

She stayed there, repeating her lines over and over and trying to remember the action that went with them as Miss Kemble had played it. She had a quick memory, but the intonation of the lines gave her extraordinary difficulty.

She remembered one of Miss Kemble's most delicious effects. She came on the stage unannounced and, pausing in the doorway, smiled whimsically and said: "How do you do?" That was all—just "How do you do?" But she uttered it so deliciously that a ripple of joy ran through the audience.

Daphne tried to master the trick of it, but with no success. She said "How do you do?" in dozens of ways, with no result except to render the phrases meaningless gibberish.

Daphne flung down the part she was studying and flung away ambition, and went out to tell the family that she agreed with them.

She was confronted by Lella in a role of despair. Bayard had telephoned that he could not get home for dinner. He would not be home in time to take Lella to the theater as he had promised.

Lella was in a frenzy. She had nothing to do but wait for her man to come and take her somewhere. Daphne understood the tragedy of the modern wife: dowered with freedom, pampered with amusements, deprived of the blessing of toil, unaccustomed to seraglian torpor, she must yet wait on the whims or necessities of her husband.

Daphne reconsidered her decisions. Better all the difficulties and heartaches of the actress-trade than this prison loading of wifely existence. She had something to do.

CHAPTER X.

The next day Batterson telephoned her that he had called a rehearsal with the company. Daphne went to the theater in terror. The stage looked utterly forlorn with the actors and actresses standing about in their street clothes. Under the bright lights

with the people made up and the audience in full bloom, like a vast garden, there would be impersonality and stimulation; but the present scene was as doleful as the funeral of an unpopular man.

Courage was largely a matter of her superstitious forcing her reluctant feet forward. A soldier ordered to leave a bombproof shelter for an advance, a playground of shrapnel, has just the struggle with his vaso-motor system that Daphne had with hers.

With the kindest smile an amiable wolf ever wore Batterson invited the fluttering lamb to come to the stream and drink. Daphne came forward in a trance and heard Batterson say:

"Ladies and gentlemen—Miss Kip, our new understudy. Give her all the help you can."

Miss Kemble had graciously chosen to be present for that purpose, though the result was only to increase Daphne's embarrassment. An imitation in the presence of the living model was a double load to carry.

Miss Kemble went forward to Daphne and took her hand and petted it and said: "I'm so glad to see you. You must meet my aunt, Mrs. Vining. She won't object to your playing her parts, I'm sure."

Mrs. Vining, who had played all manner of roles for half a century, and was now established as a famous player of hateful old grandes dames, spared Daphne her ready vinegar and chose to mother her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dinner Stories

During the war a squad of recruits was practicing communication down a line of men in open order formation. One message was: "Hard up, none left; send three dollars and four cents at once."

Sally, the choroman, returned from the stably with a scrip that contained a "diamond" of no usual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He contacted all inquiries from them as to its value and its authenticity with high scorn.

His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about it.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?"

"Wall," said Sam, "if it ain't I've been skunk out of a half-dollar."

An old sailor approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work.

"I'll give you a meal," said the farmer, "but I will round up those sheep or the common there and drive them into this fold."

In three hours' time the sailor came back looking hot, but happy.

Glancing over the gate in the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold.

"There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little fellow there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that's the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb!"

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easy and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep.

The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for 2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

advertisement.

DELAVAN

Delavan, Dec. 23.—Claude Reynolds, star of a few days' illness with pneumonia, following influenza, died at his home on Wisconsin street. He had been employed as janitor at the postoffice for some time past. He was 39 years of age and is survived by his wife, two small children and his parents. Funeral services will be held from the Baptist church, Rev. Kelly officiating.

Mrs. J. A. Quatte received the sad news last evening of the death of her son, Clarence. He died in Des Moines, Ia., of influenza. He had visited his mother only three weeks ago, she not having previously seen him in nine years. He had been in the army a number of years. He was 24 years of age and is survived by his mother and sister, Mrs. Mary Quatte of Delavan, and father of Chicago.

Miss Mary Williams is home from Duluth to spend the holidays with her mother, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williams.

Floyd Hurdie of Paris Island, S. C., is home on a furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blodgett arrived here from Chicago Saturday, where they had been visiting the past few weeks.

Miss Dorothy Stewart is home from the holidays from Whitewater, where she is engaged as teacher.

W. W. Briggs went to Beloit Saturday to see his daughter, May, who is ill in the hospital there.

Lloyd McSorley of La Crosse is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McSorley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sturtevant spent Saturday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wells, in Darien.

Miss Hazel Murphy, who is attending the University of Wisconsin, is home until after New Year's at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Murphy.

Miss Arlene Buitts of Beloit college is visiting at her home in this city for a couple of weeks.

Lloyd McSorley, who is attending Georgetown university, Washington, D. C., is home for two weeks' vacation at residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McSorley.

Miss Jennie Epstein is home from Madison for the holiday vacation.

Miss Hannah Epstein of the University of Wisconsin is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Epstein. Miss Ruth Brubaker entertained a few of her friends at a 6 o'clock dinner Sunday evening.

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Whitewater News

Whitewater, Dec. 24.—A letter from Joseph Higgins written in a French hospital dated December 4th states that he expects to be in the U. S. before long. He was wounded last August by shrapnel and has been in a hospital ever since. The wounds in the head have all healed nicely but the left shoulder was shattered and will probably be stiff from the elbow up.

Miss Clara Christenson, Mrs. Geo. Reddy and O. Reddy spent Saturday in Janesville.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cox of Chicago are spending the holiday vacation at the Steele and Cox homes.

Albert Vaughn is home from Camp Grant for Christmas. He will have to return to camp as he is in the headquarters corps.

Mrs. Howard Winn and family are spending the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts at Cedar, Wis.

E. G. Lange, who has been in the Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Taylor, Ky., arrived home Monday.

Mrs. Robert Johnson and daughter of Elkhorn came this morning to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Higgins.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemper Slidell and son of Kansas City are spending the holidays with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Slidell.

Clinton, Dec. 23.—The body of Charles Hinman, Beloit, was brought here for interment Monday afternoon. Mr. Hinman was a resident of Clinton a number of years ago. His many friends will be grieved to learn of his death. They extend their sympathy to the bereaved family.

The funeral of A. E. McKinney was held from his home on Durand street Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. A. W. Triggs of Fort Atkinson, a former Clinton pastor, officiated. The song service was rendered by a male quartette consisting of Rev. Triggs, Jay Green, H. Nappes and W. P. Ye. Interment was made in the local cemetery.

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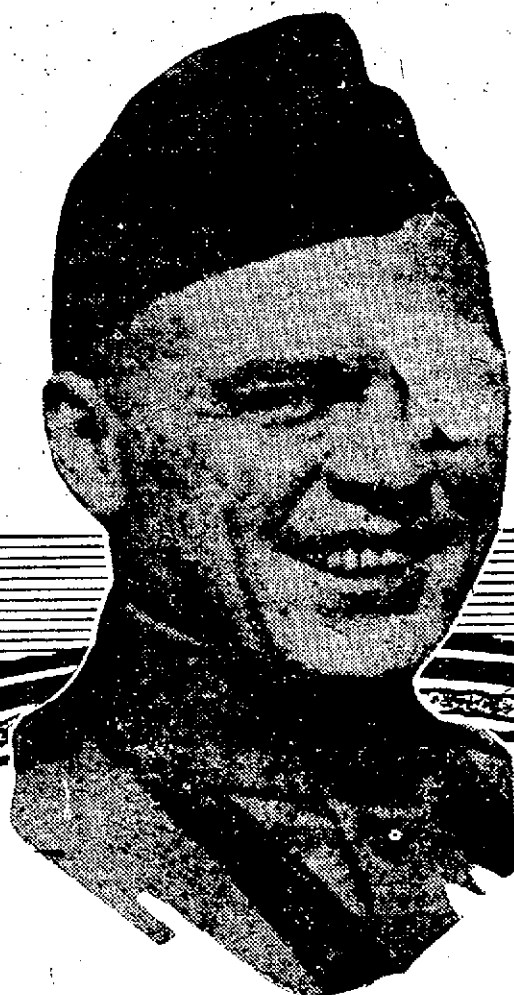
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John T. McCutcheon
Cartoonist, author, explorer, world-wide acquaintance and intimate knowledge of world events through twenty years of travel; reports by word and picture.



M. F. Murphy
New York correspondent of The Chicago Tribune for many years; editor Army Edition of The Chicago Tribune, published in Paris. Reporter and editor of long experience.



Floyd Gibbons, Director

Reported the Mexican revolution; "scooped" the world with his story of the torpedoing of the Laconia; accredited by U. S. War Dept. as correspondent with A. E. F.; wounded three times at Chateau Thierry; decorated with the Croix de Guerre; honored by Foch and Pershing.



Henry M. Hyde
Author of many books; magazine editor and contributor; a man of thorough education and wide experience; representing The Chicago Tribune in England.



Percy Hammond
Dramatic critic, journalist; famed for keen wit and marvelous command of language; stationed in Belgium for The Chicago Tribune.



Parke Brown
Star reporter of The Chicago Tribune for many years; thorough editorial experience; a forceful writer; traveling with the American Army of Occupation in Germany.



Frederick A. Smith
Assistant director, Chicago Tribune's Foreign News Service, stationed in Paris; formerly city editor of The Chicago Tribune; wide experience with leading newspapers of New York, St. Louis and Chicago.

The Chicago Tribune's Foreign News Service

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